

OLD SUDBURY

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Give Tommy a
By William Whitson & Mary -
Says of Mrs. Rice "She's crazy"!

OLD SUDBURY



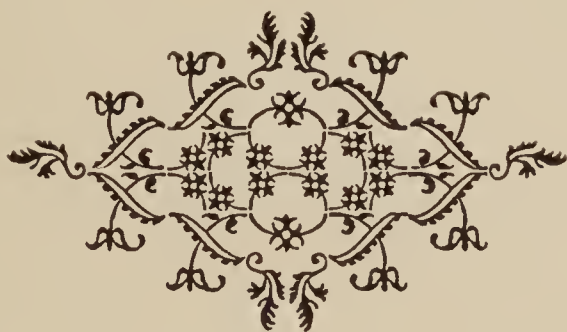
SUDBURY CENTER IN WINTER

OLD SUDBURY^c

The second in a series of portrayals of
Old New England towns

ILLUSTRATED

With reproductions of pencil sketches
*from the original domiciles built in the
seventeenth and eighteenth centuries*



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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OLD DEERFIELD, the first volume of a series of unusual portrayals of famous old New England towns, has been received by our clients and friends with so much appreciation that we publish the second volume with even a greater degree of satisfaction.

The town of Sudbury, which of late has received well deserved publicity through Henry Ford's rehabilitation of the old Red Horse Tavern of Colonial days, into the Wayside Inn, of modern times, constitutes a striking testimonial to the stalwart genius inherent in the character of early New Englanders.

In offering OLD SUDBURY we do so with a sincere feeling of obligation both to those staunch men and women of early days who have left for us so noble a heritage, and to those of our own organization who, by their conscientious craftsmanship, have made possible the production of this little volume.

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SUDBURY CENTER IN WINTER

*List of
illustrations*

OLD STONE BRIDGE

SEARS HOUSE

OLD HOUSE ON THE BOSTON POST ROAD, NOW OWNED
BY HENRY FORD

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HOSMER HOUSE, SUDBURY CENTER

WAYSIDE INN, 1895

OLD RED HOUSE AND GIANT LOCUST TREES

OLD SUDBURY

IT WAS a late October afternoon. Dusk was falling, but the full moon was rising over the long meadow. The tea table was set in the French window and I rose to draw the curtain, but my hand was arrested by the beauty of the picture, the fields purpling in the twilight, the silvery disk of the hunter's moon, the farmer turning up the rich brown earth in long furrows for next spring's crops, and far in the background, the quiet river meadows with a gleam of water and the line of the dark blue hills. Save for one circumstance Madame Plympton, two hundred years ago, might have looked out on the same picture. But she would have seen a patient horse and a plodding farm hand, where I saw a tractor and a young man who would be fresh enough, after his day's ploughing was finished, to listen on his radio to a speech by Mr. Hoover.

*Two hundred years
ago, and now*

The scene was still the eighteenth century, but the actors were unmistakably of the twentieth. Perhaps it is that very fact which gives the town of

old Sudbury a charm that has vanished from too much of our New England landscape. It is today, surrounded as it is by growing cities and towns, singularly remote and pastoral in atmosphere. Yet it has none of the neglected, forgotten air of some of our hill towns. Its farms are thriving and well kept; its citizens are prosperous looking. They all have bathrooms and automobiles and radios. But nevertheless, if the British red coats could suddenly come alive in this twentieth century, Sudbury Center alone, of all the towns in Middlesex, would look familiar to them.

Sudbury is one of the oldest, as it is one of the least changed, of these Middlesex villages. Our first ancestors in this country seemed to require a great deal of breathing space, for in 1637 some of the chief inhabitants of Watertown petitioned the court that "*in regard to their straitness of accommodation and want of meadow, they might have leave to remove and settle a plantation upon the river, which runs toward Concord.*" The petition was granted, and the territory assigned in part to the petitioners collectively, and in part to individuals. Most of

✓ these colonists were young, energetic men who expected to share in the manual work of the settlement. They were joined by other settlers who came directly from England in the "*good shipp Confidence*" and among the latter were many names that are borne today by dwellers in the town.

*The Grant from
King James*

The grant from King James was made to the collective proprietors, and these old proprietorial rights were discussed in the courts of Massachusetts no longer than two years ago, when an effort was made to revive them. It is a remarkable fact that more than one hundred persons assembled at town meeting in Sudbury, in response to a call for descendants of these original proprietors.

1927.

This and subsequent grants comprised the territory occupied by the present towns of Sudbury — North, East, South and Center — Wayland, and a part of Maynard. The act of incorporation was passed in 1639, when the court ordered that "*the newe Plantation by Concord shall be called Sudbury.*" Why the name of this old town in Suffolk, England, was chosen is only conjecture. Perhaps the winding river and the water meadows reminded the

Musketaquid

pioneers of the beautiful valley of the Stour in old England and the little "red-roofed" town upon its banks, where Gainsborough was born. More probably the Rev. Edmund Brown, the minister of the group, thought of his native Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk, and hoped that the new settlement might resemble it.

The Indian name for the region was Musketaquid, a word meaning "grassy meadow," a terminology singularly appropriate to the water meadows which give distinction to the region. In 1637 the only dweller in the territory was one Karte, an Indian sachem, whose wigwam was not far from the river, and who was one of the chiefs to set his sign upon the original deed of sale.

All about these meadows was a wilderness of forest in which all kinds of game abounded, and deer, bears, foxes, mink and even wolves roved at will. The latter were such a pest, indeed, that a bounty was placed on them by the farmers. Through this wilderness passed the "*Old Connecticut Path*," which extended from the seaboard to the inland settlements, and thence to Connecticut. It passed

through the easterly part of Sudbury, where traces of the old road are yet to be seen. Besides this ancient highway, relics of Indian trails are found on Goodman's Hill, Nobscot Hill, and on numerous farms, especially those which border the river meadows, for the Indians must have frequented the streams and ponds, wherever there was good fishing or a convenient fording place.

*The arched
stone bridge*

Karte, the sachem already referred to, was much respected by the settlers, who called him "Goodman," and gave this name to the hill at the eastern end of the town. Tradition says that he was converted to Christianity by the eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Brown. It was not far from Sudbury, indeed, that Mr. Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, gathered them from all directions at Natick, and preached the gospel with such effect that numbers were converted for the time being.

*For the Sachem, who
was called, who
such as his
"Dungy" --*

On the east bank of these meadows the pioneers built a street and Thomas Cakebread started his
* grist mill. But after some years they outgrew this settlement too, and still adventuring westward, they made an arched stone bridge across the river,

* The first mill at Sudbury⁽¹³⁾. Probably it was a frame construction with
Match roof. Sud. pl. him \$9. for this but payment consisted of
a grant of 40 acres upland, next to the mill, & 20 acres
adjoining meadow & a farm of 70 acres & meadow for
beginning one of the town.



OLD STONE BRIDGE

just where the channel sweeps a graceful curve.

Sudbury Center

This bridge, the oldest four arch stone bridge in the colonies, still spans the river, a model of simplicity and fine proportion.

Once across the river, the settlers curved their roads north and south, following the contours of the moist ground. They built a block house first of all, for fear of the Indians was an ever present terror, at the foot of the hill where the road turns away from the river, cleared farms here and there, and finally made another settlement which became Sudbury Center. This is the old Sudbury we know today. The very first settlement and church occupied what is now the cemetery in Wayland. It was in this first church that the Rev. Edmund Brown officiated, "*whose labors in the doctrine of Christ have hitherto abounded wading through this wilderness work with much cheerfulness of spirit.*" His salary consisted of forty pounds, half paid in money, and half in wheat, peas, butter, cheese, pork, beef, hemp and flax.

One of the most difficult problems in these early years, and one that is not entirely solved even



SEARO HOUSE

at Ward's Pond.

today, was keeping the causeway beyond the bridge raised above the floods and freshets. The work was usually apportioned by lot, and once the legislature allowed the town to issue tickets for a lottery, the proceeds of which were to be expended on the road. Picturesque and romantic it is at every season, but even today the spring floods occasionally sweep across it to remind one that water meadows are not as other fields and pastures.

*Labor for
road work*

It is interesting to recall how labor was secured for the necessary road work at this early day. The town records of 1639 say: "*Ordered by the commissioners of the town, that every inhabitant shall come forth to the mending of the highway upon a summons by the surveyors.*" The poorest man was required to work one day. For every six acres of meadow land, a man must work one day. Five shillings were forfeited for every default, and five more for neglecting to make fences for one's fields.

One of these early roads passed Heard's Pond and the beautiful old mansion known as the Sears House, still guarded by venerable elms, which must have witnessed the passage of the first settlers.

Where the Haystack was
The Meeting House

The Meeting
House

#

Another was Water Row, the lovely river road between Sudbury Center and Wayland. On the latter Edmund Rice built a house in 1655, in the lease of which one may still read that the stairs must be sufficiently boarded to "*lay corn in the story above.*"

Gradually the farms increased in size and number. Thomas Plympton built himself a home in 1659, and the author's cow lane marks the site of one of the earliest roads that ran through his property. In the same year a mill was built, and until the fire of a year ago a mill has always stood upon the spot. Now the ruins and the surrounding meadow have become the property of Henry Ford.

About this time a new meeting house was erected, and this structure was especially interesting because the roof was covered with thatch, and the workmen were to have "*the meadow, afterward the ministers, to get the thatch upon.*" It was customary for the men to sit at one end of the pews, and the women at the other. In the third meeting house built in Sudbury, the pews were arranged to seat seven men on one side and seven women on the

Thatch.

other. The people were called to service by the beating of a drum. An old record of 1652 states: "*It shall be agreed with Edmund Goodnow, that his son shall beat the Drum twice every lecture day, and twice every forenoon, and twice every afternoon upon every Lord's Day, to give notice what time to come to meetings; for which the town will give him twenty shillings a year — and to pay him in the town rates.*"

The houses of this period have largely disappeared. One of them, built near the first settlement in Wayland, about 1680, has been recently moved to Sudbury, carefully restored by its owner, Leonard Goulding, and used to house his collection of antiques. Another may still be seen from the stone bridge across the meadows, and makes a charming picture with its huge chimney and picturesque lean-to. It is still occupied as a summer cottage.

The Plympton house at the foot of Candy Hill Road has given place to a more modern structure, but until a year or two ago one of the ancient elms guarded the new house, and some of the old doors and latches are still preserved. Its owner, Thomas Plympton, was one of the first settlers in the Massa-

*The old
witch house*

chusetts Colony, where he landed in 1633. There was a real romance connected with this old house. The story was told the writer by an old lady, whose great-grandmother was a descendant of this Plympton. When her great-grandfather was a young man, so she said, he was told by a witch in Salem that he would first behold his future wife at the top of a hill, holding a broom in her hand. Sure enough, one day, as he was out hunting on the Sudbury meadows, he came to a long hayfield, and there, on a hill above it, was a house, and in front of the house was a beautiful young girl sweeping the steps. She became the old lady's great-grandmother, and I have a piece of the pretty white silk, sprigged with pink rosebuds, from which her wedding gown was made.

Not far away was the witch house. Even the ruins have disappeared, but until recently a bit of the blue stairway remained, for all authentic witch houses must have blue stairs. Tradition does not say just how this house gained its reputation, or what fate overtook the witch.

There were several garrison houses, for Sudbury

What is the so-called
witch house? was the
Plympton? or
Hill? or
Salem?

held a frontier position in the colony, and a block house. Most of these have disappeared, too, although tablets now mark the site of some of them. The most notable was the Haynes Garrison on Water Row, which stood until 1876 and saw some of the worst Indian fighting of the period. On one occasion the Indians rolled a wagon load of burning flax down the hill upon the garrison, but failed to set it on fire.

King Philip

The Haynes Garrison -

Indeed, Sudbury bore a notable part in the Indian wars. There were scattered massacres before King Philip took to the war path. Thomas Plympton himself was killed by a raid in 1667. About 1675 it became apparent that Metacomet, or Philip, as the colonists called him, was welding the tribes together for a joint attack on the settlements. Many of the citizens had fortified their houses as well as the meeting house, and the town had a small force of militia.

The Massachusetts Colony also allotted each settlement a certain number of soldiers. The number assigned to Sudbury was thirty, the largest quota in the list.

ff

Ephraim Curtis

Plymouth County was the first to be attacked, but Sudbury was soon called on to send aid to other places. The town also rendered assistance in the person of Ephraim Curtis, a carpenter, who was a famous scout and could talk fluently with the Indians in their own tongue. Many and thrilling were his adventures. Once he was beleaguered with a party in a house in Brookfield. It was necessary to send some one to Boston for help but the difficulty and peril of getting away were great. Curtis nevertheless made several attempts. At last, toward morning, he "*adventured forth the 3rd time, and was fain to creep on his hands and knees for some space of ground that he might not be discovered by the enemy, but through God's mercy he escaped their hands, and got safely to Marlboro, though very much spent and ready to faint by reason of want of sleep before he went from us, and his sore travel night and day in that hot season till he got thither.*" He did at last manage to reach Boston and send help to his comrades.

The enemy soon moved north upon Middlesex County. The woods about Sudbury became inse-

What is this quoted from -

cure, and scattered killings were reported. Fifty men were massacred in Lancaster, forty dwellings were burned in Groton, and the Indians were concentrating on Marlboro. There was fasting and prayer in the churches, and the combined forces of the towns made a night attack on their foes and surprised them asleep. This checked the Indians for the time being, but the war took on a more serious aspect when King Philip himself arrived in Marlboro.

He assembled a real army — the “Old Indian Chronicle” says fifteen hundred, and adds that “*to make their force seem very large there were many women among them whom they had fitted with pieces of wood cut in the form of guns, which these carried and were placed in the center.*” The “Chronicle” further declares that Sudbury, rather than Concord, was chosen as the point of attack, because the Indians feared the influence of the Rev. Edward Bulkely with the Great Spirit. “*We no prosper if we burn Concord,*” said they. “*The Great Spirit love that people. He tell us not to go there. They have a great man there. He great pray.*” No wonder that

“Old Indian
Chronicle”

Marlboro.

Old Ind. Chronicle.
(Haver)

of Concord.

The
women

Captain
Samuel
Wadsworth

special pains were taken by the colony to guard the Rev. Mr. Bulkely from all harm.

Sudbury was not unprepared, however. Dwellers on the outlying farms were assembled in the fortified houses, a strong militia force was collected, and reinforcements were hastening from Concord and Watertown. During the night of the twentieth of April the Indians closed in about the town. "*The enemy well knowing Our grounds, passes, avenues and situations, had near surrounded Our town in ye morning early. (We not knowing of it) till discovered by firing severall disserted houses; the Enemy with great force and fury assaulted Deacon Haines' house well fortified yet badly situated as advantageous to ye Enemy's approach — yet (by the help of God) the Garrison not only defended the place from between five or six of the clock in the morning, till about One in the Afternoon but forced the enemy with considerable slaughter to draw off.*"

While the fight was raging on all sides of the town, Capt. Samuel Wadsworth of Milton, who had been sent to the relief of Marlboro, immediately started back to the aid of Sudbury, and he

marched straight into the ambush prepared for him by Philip. The latter sent out a small party which fled as the English approached, and so tolled them into the woods until they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a host of Indians, making "*dismal shouts and horrid yellings.*" But the settlers were not dismayed. They fought their way to the top of Green Hill, now the South Sudbury cemetery, and for "*near four hours*" they defended themselves successfully. Philip saw that something decisive must be done at once to maintain his advantage, and he set fire to the woods. Captain Wadsworth was forced to leave his hill top, and the English retreat soon became a route. The Indians closed in on them "*like so many tigers,*" Captain Wadsworth himself was slain, and only a few succeeded in reaching shelter in the mill.

But the havoc in Philip's forces was also great. At daybreak he withdrew the attack and retreated. The east side of the town was saved, but desolation and ruin had been left behind. The brave captain and his men were buried at the

The ambush

*Green Hill - now the
Cemetery at South
Sudbury -*

The Hill - So. Sud.



OLD HOUSE ON THE BOSTON POST ROAD
NOW OWNED BY HENRY FORD

western base of Green Hill, where they fell, in a common grave. In 1730 President Wadsworth of Harvard College, a son of Captain Wadsworth, marked the spot with a tablet, and a hundred years later the town erected a memorial there.

The Red Horse

It was many years before the villages of Middlesex recovered from these devastating wars, but gradually peace settled upon the country, and the colonists could give their attention to farming and trade. They built a new church, with a bell to summon worshippers, instead of the drum, they built schools and roads. In 1702 David How constructed a house on the westerly side of the town, which he soon converted into a tavern. It was the fifth tavern on the Boston Post Road westward, and was known by the sign of the Red Horse. This was not the first inn in Sudbury, but it soon became the most notable. As time went on it was enlarged with wings and gambrel roof, and it occupied an honorable place in the town during the eighteenth century, long before the poet Longfellow immortalized it. It was intimately associated with the Revolutionary history of the town, for

*The Red Horse Inn
8/02 Tavern.*



THE LORIN PARSONAGE, SUDBURY CENTER

here Washington lunched, and Lafayette slept in one of the state bedrooms.

*War with
England*

Sudbury itself took a patriotic part in the war with England. From the moment when Paul Revere sent his message galloping through the town, until the end of the conflict, Sudbury gave men to the Continental Army. Two were slain at Lexington, three companies took part in the battle of Bunker Hill, and from four to five hundred men served until Cornwallis surrendered.

Sudbury in the nineteenth century began to assume the aspect that it wears today. The houses grew in size and comfort, and some of them, like the Loring and the Hurlburt parsonages in Sudbury Center, the Sears House at Heards Pond, the square white house with brick ends, once a tavern, that faces the village green, are among the best examples of the colonial carpenters' art. The white meeting house beside the white columned town house, facing the green, gave dignity and tranquillity to the village. Then, as now, there was a single store and a blacksmith's shop, which has not yet been turned into a foundry for making candle-sticks and

✠

“Going to
meeting”

fire dogs. The road bordered with lime trees, fragrant with blossoms in June, and honey yellow in autumn, ran between the church green and the common. Northward it passed between the old burying ground and the new cemetery; westward it extended toward the blue hills and Mount Wachusett in the far distance. About 1864, Mrs. Israel Haynes wrote this description of “going to meeting” in Sudbury at the end of the eighteenth century:

“I still remember seventy-five years back more correct than what has been transacted within a week . . . I think people enjoyed their simple way of living as well as they do now. I recollect when the old meeting house was standing. A plain building ceiled with boards and a few pews. There are several barns now in town finished much handsomer than that was . . . There was no bell on the house. But a small school house stood near by on the common furnished as poorly as the meeting house. There was a little entry-way where there was a little bell hung . . . to ring for meetings or funerals or what not. There was Body seats below for the oldest people and seats in the

Writen by 1864 about The late 18th century

gallery for other people. The most popular took the front seats and had pegs put up to hang their cockt hats on. They made quite a show . . . The Deacons used to read the hymns two lines or a verse and then they sung it. They had a pitch pipe to pitch the tune. After a while there was a bass viol introduced and brought into town and did not suit the Old People; one Old Gentleman got up took his hat off the peg and marched off; said they had begun fiddling, there would be dancing next. The children occupied the stairs when the seats were full, and I believe they enjoyed it. They chose a tithing man to keep them regulated but still there was some confusion . . . I must say a word about our schools. The scholars were under as good regulations as they are now, there was no books in school except the Bible, Dillingsworth Spelling Book, the Primer and Psalter and only one of a kind in a family. The teacher set all the copies, made all the pens. For those that studied Arithmetic the Master wrote down the rules and sums in their books and then they had birch bark split to do their sums on instead of slates. The school house was a little rough building like a shed only it had a door.

Quaint customs

Birch
bark
split

(31)

Sentences in Prose & Verse & Fables

Eng used & immensely popular - Wils. was an Eng., he died in 1780. See Littlefield, "Early N.E. Schools"

Wils. worth, not Dillingsworth! This is an interesting error. Thomas Wils. worth's Speller was first pub. in 1740. It contains also "a Practical Eng. Grammar,

*The school-
house*

There was a large fire place large enough to hold several logs and four feet wood and a stone hearth and cross leg'd benches for writers. The boys wore leather aprons and breeches, and for dinner they used to fetch a sausage or slice of pork and a crust of bread, sharpen a stick and broil it over the coals and there were plenty of grease spots . . . The people were farmers, most of them went on pretty much the same way every year. Each one tried to raise enough for their family, they did not make much improvement or speculate. They kept oxen and cows and hogs for their own use and raised corn and rye, potatoes and beans and other vegetables; some kept a horse, they had no carriages except a cart and sled. They used to ride horseback to meeting, have a saddle and pillion, the man ride forward the woman behind. Sometimes go to visit their friends forty miles and carry two children; they went to market horseback had a wallet made of two cloths, left open in the middle and a pair of paniards made of basket stuff. The women went as often as the men, they swung the wallet over the horses back put in their boxes each side so as to ballance, then the paniards were fixed on behind filled

with pigeons or something else. I remember when there was but one old chaise in town and I dont remember of there being anything that could be called a carriage seventy years ago. Seventy years ago I dont think there was a carpet in the town, scarce a painted floor. Our diet was simple not as many luxuries as they have now. At Thanksgiving we had flower, a good chicken pie and mince pies and apple and pumpkin, and plum pudding. I think a pound answered, sometimes a part was used in the best mince pies . . . if our flower fell short we used rye, we had good rye. The best farmers did not buy by the barrel, 7 or 8 pounds used to answer the purpose. We had no factories but spun, wove and made our own clothing . . . I recollect when they began to go with two and four horses tackled in a wagon. It looked as strange as these new inventions the cars or steam boats . . . Neighbors used to visit and seemed to enjoy themselves. For supper they generally had fresh meat or sausage or a short rye cake made into a toast, pye and that was good enough for a king. The women were neighborly and industrious, willing to assist each other. One would get in a bedquilt and the others

Only one old
chaise in the
town

No carpets - no
painted floors.

Thanksgiving

Supper -



HOSMER HOUSE, SUDBURY CENTER.

1805026

ca 1800-

drop in and help to get it out . . . People began to improve in dress and living sixty years ago. I earnt money enough to buy a silk dress when I was married and white bonnet; if you could see it you would say the shape resembled a scale that store keepers use."

The Civil War

The changes in the next fifty years were great, but the increasing comfort was interrupted by the Civil War. Some of the townsmen were ardent abolitionists, and had the courage of their convictions. Israel Howe Brown was one of these. One Sunday, when the minister in his sermon advanced some arguments for slavery, he rose with great dignity and left the church, all the ladies of his family following him, their hoop skirts billowing around them. He never again entered the church for a service. He used to have some provision for concealing slaves who had escaped, and an underground passage connected with his house in South Sudbury, through which the slaves were passed on their way to Canada. His granddaughter can remember one of these slaves, a fine looking colored man, coming to call on her mother in later years.

*The great change
came 1800-1850.*

*"The underground
R. Way" is Sud.*

Village life in the sixties and seventies was essen-

1860-70.

grist mill
Fulling "
Brick kiln
Malt House
Tannery
Shoe Shop

Flax

tially that of one big family. All the young men and maidens went to singing school in the Wadsworth Academy, now no longer standing, for diversion. The women braided straw for bonnets that were made up in Framingham, or worked in the Leather Board mill, where artificial leather for shoes used to be manufactured, for pin money. Most of the men were still farmers, and other industries were not numerous. In the very early days the settlers raised flax to some extent. Indeed, flax seems to enjoy the soil of Sudbury, judging by the way in which it riots in the author's garden. There were grist mills and a fulling mill, and there are still some old clay pits where bricks were made. There was a malt house and a tannery, and of course a shoe shop. The latter took apprentices who lived in. At the end of their period of service they received one hundred dollars and a suit of clothes, with which to begin the world. Nursery gardening, now perhaps the most extensive industry in the town, was begun in 1879, when Hubbard Brown erected a greenhouse for raising cucumbers. It has grown and flourished ever since.

In 1930 (ca)

There are still people in the village who can talk entertainingly about this period of New England life. One of them has just discovered a letter, written by her grandfather in 1843, and concealed in the chimney of his house. Not long ago it was necessary to repair the chimney in the cellar, and the letter, sealed in a little brown jug, fell out. She will tell you about Nancy and Lucy Bogle, who always walked to church in single file, and Mary and Mitty Wheeler, one very fat and one very thin, and about Squire Cutler's plain daughters, Mary and Emily, who were as good as they were homely.

She recalls the day when she climbed a tree to pick a juicy red apple just out of reach, and was hung on a limb by her hoop skirt. In thunder showers her Aunt Lucinda always removed her hoop skirt and her spectacles, for fear of attracting the lightning. She remembers the eventful day when all the girls in school decided to rebel against the tyranny of hoops. They met in a downstairs room, closed all the blinds, removed their hoops and hid them in the wood box, and then trooped gravely into the schoolroom. Needless to say, they created

(37)

Hoop skirts

ca 1860.

Hoop skirts did not
until ca 1880 but
in a very reduced
form! S.A.F.

too me funny that he has seen
them!

as we knew it -
on January day -



WAYSIDE INN, 1895

See Page XII Jan Schaeck's "Character
in Tales of a Wayside Inn"
(here)

a great sensation, for some were lank and bony, and their skirts were not constructed for slimness. But, she declares, they persisted and never wore them again.

This same entertaining old lady remembers Longfellow when he visited Sudbury in search of the clock that once stood in Wayside Inn. This clock had passed out of the hands of the Howe family, and eventually her grandfather, who was a connection of the Howes, had purchased it. One day, when she came home from school, she saw a white haired man with a bushy beard, sitting in her grandfather's chair, and mistook him for the old gentleman. The stranger proved to be Longfellow, who had heard of the purchase, and wished to see the clock. While he talked about it, he held the little girl on his knees, a story that she is fond of telling to her grandchildren now.

The Inn is of course a story in itself, but its purchase by Henry Ford in recent years, and the old stone mill, the little red schoolhouse, and other reminders of old time New England, that he is assembling around it, have made it familiar to many

Longfellow and
the Wayside Inn

Oct. 31, 1862.

This is the story
Lemon told - it is
the only known trip
L. ever did visit
Sud - & he only stayed
an hour at that.

This was prior to 1863,
L. was working on his
Tales & wanted a
picturesque setting for
them - The old Tavern
was all he needed &
seeing it then gave
him his setting.

(39)

Ford was particularly fond of "Life is real, life is earnest" etc -
so long. was his "favorite poem" It was a vast stretch of his
imagination however, that made him immortalize The Red
House Howe Tavern as "Longfellow's Wayside Inn"!



OLD RED HOUSE AND GIANT LOCUST TREES

people. Everyone who visits the Inn sees the room of Lafayette, with its great canopied bed, but not so many know that in 1789 Washington crossed the Sudbury River on the arched stone bridge, and stopped to lunch at Wayside, and to shake hands with the Sudbury survivors of the war.

Although the outward aspect of the place is so carefully preserved, it is not so easy as it once was to imagine the group of wayfarers, drawn close to the roaring fire, while one or another relates a tale of high adventure, to while away the evening. But the old pine panelled kitchen with its pewter tankards is there, and the elegant little ball room, with its raised dais for the fiddlers, although, alas, there are no "old spinet's ivory keys." It is still possible

"To rest beneath its old oak trees"

and the new road, built by Mr. Ford to deflect traffic, may make the Inn once more

"A place of slumber and of dreams."

In the extensive park which now surrounds the

*The Lafayette
Room*

*This Donald P.
checked -
The Lydia Wang
Child Home School
Was "Wayside" - 9
It was near the Stone
Bridge near the
Howe Tavern!*

Epitaphs

property are a number of little old houses of great interest. One of them, about a mile back from the road, nestles beneath huge locust trees. To come upon this tiny red house in the spring, when the great trees are full of delicate, pendulous blossoms, and the oaks and ashes are still a tender green, is a delightful surprise. Within the little house is a fireplace the length of a whole room, a delectable corner fireplace, and old pine-panelled walls.

The antiquarian will find much to interest him in the burying grounds, both in Wayland and in Sudbury. There is the meticulous lady who insists on being "*Miss Nancy Parmenter*" even on her grave stone. There is *Mr. Jonathan Sampson Late of Boston. Who Departed This Life Nov. 1st, 1773, in the 54th Year of His Age*

Charlestown doth claim his birth,
Boston his habitation;
Sudbury hath his grave,
Where was his expiration.

Sudbury has been fortunate in many of her new residents. Some of them, like Henry Ford, have

greatly enhanced the beauty of the place. Ralph Adams Cram, the distinguished architect, has built a Norman chapel of the native field stone on his estate, surrounded by trees, junipers and sweet fern and overgrown with roses, that reminds one of the English Sudbury. There are some beautiful gardens and stretches of well kept orchards, but after all the unique charm of Sudbury is in its water meadows. If nature has been less kind than in the old country she has given it a beautiful little river, winding its way north toward Concord, through meadows green and gentle in summer, deep blue lakes in the spring, and gorgeous Persian carpets in autumn, rimmed with low blue hills and wreathed in soft mists; and if there are no primroses and daisies, there are pink polygala and blue gentians quite as lovely.

The flora

From Sudbury Center one may follow the meadows in any direction and find them equally interesting. The native wild flowers, exterminated in so many places within twenty-five miles of Boston, still luxuriate here. Pink sabbatia, wild foxgloves, lady's-slippers, cowslips, gentians, cardinal flowers,

Thoreau wild iris, azaleas, even maidenhair fern and laurel, all grow within the village, and it is possible to meet a red fox in one's own pine woods, or see a mink crossing the road for a drink. The country is still a haven for rest and contemplation, and the water meadows in the spring are still as Thoreau pictures them. This is the entry in his diary for March 8, 1853:

"Rode to Saxonville with F. Brown to look at a small place for sale, via Wayland. Return by Sudbury. A spring sheen on the snow. The melting snow running and sparkling down hill in the ruts was quite springlike. . . Saw a mink run across the road in Sudbury, a large black weasel, to appearance, worming its supple way over the snow. Where it ran its tracks were thus,

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the intervals between the fore and hind feet sixteen or eighteen inches, and between the two fore and the two hind feet two inches and a half.

"The distant view of the open-flooded Sudbury meadows all dark blue, surrounded by a landscape of

white snow, gave an impulse to the dormant sap in my veins. Dark blue angry waves contrasting with the white but melting winter landscape. Ponds, of course, do not yet afford this water prospect only the flooded meadows. There is no ice over or near the stream, and the flood has covered or broken up much of the ice on the meadow. The aspect of these waters at sunset, when the air is still, begins to be unspeakably soothing and promising. Waters are at length and begin to reflect, and instead of looking into the sky, I look into the placid reflecting water for the signs and promise of the morrow. These meadows are the most of ocean that I have fairly learned. Now, when the sap of the trees is probably beginning to flow, the sap of the earth, the river, overflows and bursts its icy fetters. This is the sap of which I make my sugar after the frosty nights, boiling it down and crystallizing it. I must be on the lookout now for gulls and ducks. That dark blue meadowy revelation. It is as when the sap of the maple bursts forth early and runs down the trunk to the snow. Saw two or three hawks sailing. . . Saw some very large willow buds expanded (their silk) to thrice the length of their scales, indistinctly

Early spring

†

Edmund Sears barred or waved with darker lines around them. They look more like, are more of spring than anything else I have seen. Heard the spring note of the chickadee now before any spring bird has arrived."

much.
Although Sudbury has inspired poets and prose writers, she has not herself given any authors of note to the world, but several hymn and verse writers, popular in mid-Victorian days, were natives of Wayland or East Sudbury. Lydia Maria Child attained some eminence in her day, and the hymns of Edmund Sears still have a place in many hymnals. We cannot better close this sketch of old Sudbury than by quoting one of his carols:

It
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King," —
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The love song which they bring, —
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And yet beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing, —
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

